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# BRAVE BOYS.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

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Heavily falls the rain,  
Wild are the breezes to-night;  
But 'neath the roof of the hours as they fly,  
Are happy, and calm, and bright.  
Gathering round our firesides,  
Tho' it be summer time,  
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,  
Forgetting the midnight chime.

Chorus.—Brave boys are they!  
Gone at their Country's call;  
And yet, and yet we cannot forget,  
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,  
Nestled so cozy and warm,  
While soldiers sleep with little or naught,  
To shelter them from the storm.  
Resting on grassy couches,  
Pillow'd on hillocks damp;  
Of martial fare how little we know,  
Till brothers are in the camp.

Chorus.—Brave boys, &c.

Thinking no less of them,  
Loving our country the more,  
We sent them forth to fight for the flag,  
Their fathers before them bore.  
Though the great tear drops started,  
This was our parting trust:  
“God bless you, boys! we'll welcome you home,  
When rebels are in the dust.”

Chorus.—Brave boys, &c.

May the bright wings of love,  
Guard them wherever they roam;  
The time has come when brothers must fight,  
And sisters must pray at home,  
Oh! the dread field of battle!  
Soon to be strewn with graves!  
If brothers fall, then bury them where  
Our banner in triumph waves.

Chorus.—Brave boys, &c.

*Johnson Some Applications in Topo-Ecological Studies*

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